

The consequence o'th' Crowne, and must not foyle
The precious note of it; with a base Slaue,
A Holding for a Liourie, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane Fellow:

Wert thou the Sonne of *Iupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art besides: thou wert too base,
To be his Groom: thou wert dignified enough
Euen to the point of Emire. If 'twere made
Comparative for your Vertues, to be stil'd
The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
For being prefer'd so well.

Clot. The South-Fog rot him.

Imo. He neuer can meete more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean't Garment
That euer hath but clipp'd his body; is dearer
In my respect, then all the Heires about thee,
Were they all made such men: How now *Pisano*?

Enter Pisano,

Clot. His Garments? Now the diuell.

Imo. To *Dorothy* my woman hee thee presently.
Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am frighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angred worse: Go bid my woman
Search for a Jewell, that too casually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Masters. Shrew me
If I would loose it for a Reuenew,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: Confident I am.
Last night 'twas on mine Arme; I kiss'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kisse aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search.

Clot. You haue abus'd me:

His meanest Garment?

Imo. I, I said so Sir,

If you will make't an Action, call witnesse to't.

Clot. I will enforme your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too:

She's my good Lady; and will conceiue, I hope

But the worst of me. So I leaue your Sir,

To'th' worst of discontent.

Clot. He bereueng'd:

His mean't Garment? Well.

Hee'll grant the Tribute: send th' Arrerages,
Or looke vpon our Romaines, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their griefe.

Post. I do beleuee

(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will proue a Warre; and you shall heare
The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britaine, then haue tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, then when *Iulius Caesar*
Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approuers, they are People, such
That mend vpon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See *Iachimo*.

Post. The swiftest Harts, haue posted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailes,
To make your vessell nimble.

Phil. Welcome Sir.

Post. I hope the briefnesse of your answer, made
The speedinesse of your returne.

Iach. Your Lady,

Is one of the fayrest that I haue look'd vpon

Post. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Heere are Letters for you.

Post. Their tenure good I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britaine Court,

When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,

But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I haue lost it,

I should haue lost the worth of it in Gold,
He make a iourney twice as farre, & enioy
A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.

Post. The Stones too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,

Your Lady being so easy.

Post. Make note Sir

Your losse, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must

If you keepe Couenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistis home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Professe my selfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you hauing proceeded but
By both your willes.

Post. If you can mak't apparant
That you haue tasted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour; gaires, or looses,
Your Sword, or mine, or Masterlesse leaue both
To who shall finde them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to beleuee; whose strength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not

You'l

You'l giue me leaue to spare, when you shall finde
You neede it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her Bed-chamber

(Where I confesse I slept not, but professe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapistry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her Roman,
And *Sichus* swell'd above the Bankes, or for
The presse of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke
So brauely done, so rich, that it did strue
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was—

Post. This is true:

And this you might haue heard of heere, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars

Must iustifie my knowledge.

Post. So they must,

Or doe your Honour injury.

Iach. The Chimney

Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaste *Dian*, bathing: neuer saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumbe, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.

Post. This is a thing

Which you might from Relation likewise reape,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The Roofe o'th' Chamber,

With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foote standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.

Post. This is her Honor:

Let it be granted you haue seene all this (and praise
Be giuen to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saues
The wager you haue laid.

Iach. Then if you can

Bepale, I begge but leaue to ayre this Jewell: See,
And now 'tis vp againe: it must be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.

Post. Ioue—

Once more let me behold it: Is it that

Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir (I thanke her) that

She stript it from her Arme: I see her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-sell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gaue it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off

To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth shee?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,
It is a Basiliske vnto mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where semblance: Loue,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, about measure false.

Phil. Haue patience Sir,

And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable she lost it: or

Who knowes if one he

Hath stolne it from her

Post. Very true,

And so I hope he came

Render to me some c

More euident then th

Iach. By *Iupiter*, I

Post. Hearke you,

'Tis true, nay keepe t

She would not loose i

All sworne, and hono

And by a Stranger? N

The Cognisance of h

Is this: she hath bou

There, take thy hyre,

Diuide themselves be

Phil. Sir, be patie

This is not strong eno

Of one perswaded w

Post. Neuer talke

She hath bin colted b

Iach. If you seeke

For further satisfying

(Worthy her pressing)

Of that most delicate

I kist it, and it gaue m

To feede againe, thou

This staine vpon her?

Post. I, and it doth

Another staine, as big

Were there no more I

Iach. Will you hee

Post. Spare your A

Neuer count the Turn

Iach. Ile be sworne

Post. No swearing

If you will sweare you

And I will kill thee, if

Thou'lt made me Cuck

Iach. Ile deny not

Post. O that I had

I will go there and do

Her Father. Ile do s

Phil. Quite beside

The gouernment of P

Let's follow him, and

He hath against himse

Iach. With all my

En

Post. Is there no w

Must be halfe-worker

And that most vena

Did call my Father, w

When I was stamp't.

Made me a counterfe

The *Dian* of that time

The Non-pareill of th

Me of my lawfull ple

And pray'd me oft for

A pudencie so Rosie,

Might well haue warn

That I thought her

As Chaste, as vn-Su

This yellow *Iachimo* i